

FIGURE 2. Annotation of "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—~~sometimes~~ ^{often}. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills. but chances are, after her realization of this new sort of "freedom"; she most likely wouldn't have been especially thrilled to see him.

the realization that she'd never see him alive again is finally hitting her.

4- welcoming the unfolding future/ accepting his death.

feeling guilty

this is only the way humans function. it's always a love-hate relationship because we will never fully relate to someone else. more on this later.*

Through death, she finds a new exuberance in life.

but he's still alive!!

glad he's dead in a half-sies kind of way.

it almost sounds insane...

little does he know...

* "Often times she had not."

I think we're all guilty of this at times. Even our closest relatives, best of friends, and trustworthy companions will get on our nerves. Unfortunately, distaste and hate are facts of life. Opinions will differ, and actions will upset us. But ultimately, I find that forgiveness gets the better of me. 😊